

CONDOLENCE:

AN

ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

(Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.)

COPIES OF THE

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE
LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1881

AND THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1881

AND THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

C O N D O L E N C E :

A N

E L E G I A C E P I S T L E

F R O M

Lieut. Gen. B - R G - Y N E,

Captured at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777,

T O

Lieut. Gen. Earl C - R N W - L L - S,

Captured at York Town, Oct. 17, 1781.

W I T H

N O T E S B Y T H E E D I T O R .

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, NEAR YORK-BUILDINGS,
IN THE STRAND. MDCCLXXXII.

CARRER

AN

ELIGIBLE

FROM

Lieut. Gen. B. R. G. Y. N. E.

Captured at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777.

TO

Lieut. Gen. Earl C. R. N. W. L. S.

Captured at Fort Mifflin, Oct. 17, 1781.

WITH

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

THE SECOND EDITION.



Printed for T. VAN NOORDEN, BOOK-BINDER,
IN THE STREET, AND CLOTH.



III

ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

TELL me, my Lord! can no soft strain

Affuage a captive Gen'ral's pain,

Or sooth the brow of care?

May not a Muse, impell'd like mine,

In sympathetic sorrows join,

In woes congenial share!

II.

Mine too it was in laurell'd pride,

To march with Fame at Glory's side,

O'er *trans-atlantic* meads;

But

But vain, alas ! is mortal bliss,
 Fame proves a common jilting miss ;
 Laurels are pois'nous weeds !

III

What, though our troops were *Freedom's* foes,
 There are, my Lord ! who share *their* woes,
 And all *their* virtues see ;
 Through each dark scene this grateful foil
 Felt for her gallant soldiers' toil,
 Yet laugh'd at you and me.

IV

But since Misfortune guards us round,
 Fair Candour stills each adverse sound ;
 * Mac-Ray no tongue has falter'd :

No

* It would be ungenerous to conceive this horrid transaction met the approbation of Gen---l B-rg---ne ; on the contrary, his unimpeached bravery as a soldier must have revolted at the idea : however, if a man turns savages loose upon society, there is more than poetic justice in making him answerable for the consequences.

But

(9)
No voice proclaims how fortunes smile,

Inflated my bombastic style,

* Or your opinions alter'd.

V.

That you, in earliest youth, began

To vindicate the rights of man

The Muse shall pleas'd relate:

While public principles betray'd,

Oblivion's friendly veil shall shade

From ignominious hate.

VI.

If, then, from public odium clear,

No keen reproach attain the ear,

And Fates no ill dispense,

At least, my Lord, we claim no reason

To think a laugh much out of season,

Though rais'd at our expence.

VII. Shall

* The opposition of Lord C-rnw-ll-s to the Declaratory Act and his conduct at that time is fresh in the minds of Englishmen, and will serve as a foil to set off the brilliancy of his subsequent exploits,

VII. No voice proclaiming horrors limits

Shall then thy friend in history seek
For *Roman* precedents or *Greek*, O *

Of far fam'd Gen'als beaten;

Or if Romance more apt invites

The tale shall dwell on Christian knights

By giants kill'd and eaten.

VIII. While public principles betray'd

Well might it suit the classic page

To paint the soul-devouring rage

Of many a vanquish'd *Roman*;

Or prove on every wild-goose mission,

(Save *Quixote's* windmill expedition.)

We yield the palm to no man.

IX. And Fates no ill dispense

IX.

At least, my Lord, we claim no reason

Will elegiac lines compose

The torrent of oppressive woes;

Or, since abroad you roam,

Shall I relate the wond'rous story,

Redounding far to Britain's glory;

How matters thrive at home:

X. Struck

X.

Struck when thy fate the C--nc-l saw,

Scarce the *good Dowager of Law*

Would at the Board preside ;

And mighty M-nsf--ld, all aghast,

Swears, if the *Rubicon* he pass'd,

'Twas swimming with the tide.

XI.

No more great N-rth, in language meet,

Paints *Congress* prostrate at his feet,

In long foretold submission ;

Bold was the thought, the fancy rare,

'Twas but the plague to get them there

That puzzled politicians.

XII.

Lo ! that auspicious pow'r, G-rm--ne,

Clad in the spoils of M-nd-n's plain,

A treatise graye is writing,

To prove what fatal ills are brought

On desp'rate soldiers, who have caught

The cursed trick of fighting.

XIII.

If social R-gby loves his jest,

Proverbs themselves explain the rest,

For those may laugh who win;

And if high mirth but suit high places,*

Some joy may beam on humbler faces;

Atk-nf-n's self may grin.

XIV.

On Th-rl-w's brow the manly thought

Seem'd with some lab'ring bus'ness fraught;

The lip was doubly bit;

And gratitude alone confin'd

The efforts of that manly mind,

For ev'ry purpose fit.

XV.

Twitchee, improv'd by M--d-n's cares,

Plurality of comfort shares

Midst his religious qualms;

* 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn. Pope.

But craz'd by gospel meditations,
 Mistakes *Memoirs** for *Revelations*,
 And catches sings for *psalms*.

XVI.

Late, in a fit of pious phrenzy,
 He rav'd upon the *Count Struenzee*,
 And trembled for his head;
 His *Bible* then with zeal explor'd,
 And e'er the senses were restor'd,
 Half *La Pucelle* was read.

XVII.

While commerce sinks, and taxes rise,
 The genial form of affluence flies
 From men in ev'ry rank;
 The life of public credit's shaken,
 And M-n-n-rs self I'm told has taken
Post obits on the Bank.

B 2

XVIII.

* Supposed to mean the M— of a W— of P—.

XVIII.

In happier climes hence On-l-w shuns

A Congress of rebellious duns,

By whiggish laws made bold ;

And if a mould'ring fleet we view,

Who but aspires to see Sir H——

The tarnish'd flag unfold.

XIX.

My northern light first beam'd the ray,

Which thy meridian climes display ;

The thought inspires my soul !

Thus, thanks to ours and graver heads,

The fame of British wisdom spreads

Almost from pole to pole.

XX.

Say, must we then disgrac'd remain ?

G-ge and Sir G-y rewards obtain !

Cl-nt-n and H-we have ribbons !

I too have other claims more nice,

Since ev'ry author finds his price,

From W-ftl-y up to G-bb-ns !

XXI.

XXI.

Yet J-hnf-n's voice no more is heard,
 Enshrin'd in many a long-drawn word,
 T' obfetricate the nation :
 C-mb-rl-nd hides th' Iberian flow'rs,
 And even T-ck-el's comic pow'rs
 Sink by *Anticipation*.

XXII.

No more Mac Oflian's erfe-forg'd pen
 Blots from the hallow'd page of men
 Your *Sidneys* or your *Ruffels* ;
 Yet the *Gazette*, all shame defying,
 Claims an *authority* for lying,
 And far out-bruffels Bruffels.

XXIII.

Each paltry pen'worth of the day,
 Reviews and Journals earn their pay,—
 Yet, why shou'd these be mentioned?
 Since, to reward the truth-form'd page,
 And guard the morals of the age,
 E'en B-te himself is pension'd.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Blest clime ! where arts and letters reign,
So much that e'en the boist'rous main

Wafts nought but courtly diction ; *
Where, far beyond old laureats fir'd,
Each *Morning Herald* seems inspir'd
With pure poetic fiction.

XXV.

Hence, too, by zeal for science sway'd,
Why G-bb-n's shines a lord of trade

Reasons twofold prevail !
No busy cares the poet await ;
And when he paints a falling state,
Materials cannot fail.

XXVI.

Curse on the foolish pride of *Rome*,
That welcom'd all her warriors home,
Whene'er on luck they stumbled ;

False

* Vide Commodore J-hn---n's Letters.

Falſe was the plan, the cuſtom vain;
None but the fall'n ſhould praiſe obtain,
And conquerors be humbled.

XXVII.

Would Albion's now more poliſh'd ſtate
Reverse the haughty victor's fate,
(Her captive Gen'ral's ranſom !)
To lead all glorious through the town,
Thoſe only who had miſſ'd renown,
Is ſurely far more handſome.

XXVIII.

But if that ſhrewd arch jeſuit B--ke
Should ſet his ſaving plans to work,
Which all expence forego ;
This trading nation might create
Copartnerſhips in city ſtate,
And club with Lord Mayor's ſhow.

XXIX.

Triumphal arch of *Temple-Bar* !
Methinks I view the deck'd from far ! —
The Cits all pour libations ;
While

Whilst we, transcendent in defeat,
Should share a *triumph* all complete,
Others might claim *ovations*.

XXX.

For in this field of wild heroics,
Many with patience more than *Stoics*,*
Have shar'd Old *Falstaff*'s honour :
While Britain sees her rising glory,
And cherishes each faithful *tory*
That brought such bliss upon her.

XXXI.

When dreams of sky-built wealth prevail,
Fancy will drop no wilder tale,
Nor *Æsop*'s dog be quoted ;
Poor Tray beheld the chace of gain,
But on the wild *Atlantic* main
Not even a shadow floated.

XXXII.

* Here our author seems mistaken : G-r-l G-ge, it is true, mentioned
the patience of martyrs, perhaps understood to be Stoicism.

XXXII.

There are, (but under various hues,
Envy true merit still pursues ;)

There are, Lord N-rth who mention,
And swear, that every action proves
To spread "that liberty he loves"*
Was ever his intention.

XXXIII.

But yet how oft in Fortune's scale,
Events quite opposite prevail

Than are by foresight shown :

Thus Ch-ft-rf-ld's substantial pate
Crush'd a whole stair-case with its weight
And fractur'd every stone.†

XXXIV.

Hence, some exclaim behold each measure,
The lavish'd blood, the squander'd treasure,
The rise and progress see!

C

How

* His soul enjoy'd that liberty he lov'd. POPE.

† This also seems erroneous, the fact of the fracture happening where it was not to be expected according to the common course of things is certain, but on the best information there appears to have been only one stone fairly broken, although it is allowed two others were cracked.

How ministers and Boston rabble
Had first a washer-woman's squabble
And quarrell'd o'er their tea.

XXXV.

Now, whether 'twas, the faints* had wishes
To lure, like *Anthony*†, the fishes
By giving whales bohea;
Or whether pure bad taste prevail'd,
Or in a dearth fresh water fail'd,
And drove them to the sea.

XXXVI.

In short, the whole surrounding ocean
Became at once this modish potion,
(As long has filled the papers;)
But it turn'd out, the world observes
Somewhat too strong for British nerves,
And gave to some the vapours.

XXXVII.

* Boston faints.

† St. Anthony, who, according to the Legend, attracted all the fishes in the neighbourhood with their heads raised above water to hear his sermon; which no doubt converted most of them.

XXXVII.

Then G'-ge, verbose, to save the nation,
Issu'd full many a *proclamation*,

So wise none could deride them ;
Which *Yankee* folks, to shew their breeding,
Sweet *Cloacina*'s fane would read in ;
Then bade good luck betide them.*

XXXVIII.

Divide and rule, Lord H-llf-br-gh cries !
When strait behold a *Congress* rise,

Each jarring state uniting :
Thus by degrees the climax rose,
Till, from sharp tweaks at Britain's nose,
It came to downright fighting.

XXXIX.

Next pass tremendous acts by dozens,
Proscribing brothers, sons, and cousins,
Yet only serve to spur these ;

Besides

* Supposed proverbial *good luck*.

Besides a civil expedition,
Where J-hnf-n with the grand commission
Get laugh'd at by the *Worthies*.*

XL.

Did gold at length the Congress fail!†
Of sums sent out hear H-rl-y's tale!
Or did our fathers wrong 'em.
When felons only hence were driven!
While you, and I, my Lord, have given
Much better stuff among 'em!

XLI.

Did manufactures languish there,
When Britain's mart was all their care,
And commerce was our own?
We shut their ports, and wisely taught,
When merchandise no more was bought,
To seek resource at home.

Say,

* The many worthy characters, &c. See Governor J—'s Letter.

† The want of bullion for circulation appeared the great desideratum of America, which have been since kindly supplied.

XLII.

Say, does their army want recruits?

Behold, how apt th' occasion suits!

Some *nest of villains* burns;

The brood distress'd, yet vengeful fly,

A tent preferring to the sky,

And each a foldier turns.

XLIII.

Shall sober fishermen, in quiet,

Catch cod amidst the general riot?

If this reach British ears!

Restraining bills are wisely made,

To ruin this rebellious trade,

And man their privateers.

XLIV.

Say, shall the Muse prolong the strain

Through the bright feats of each campaign,

Bold marches, wise retreats;

Unvaried vict'ries, which pursuing,

Atchieve as much for Britain's ruin

As all had been defeats!

XLV.

XLV.

John Bull, who pays, must know for what;
A rich Gazette improves the plot;

Towns won rejoice the nation :
And had the doubly charming power
To lull it in some future hour
With wise evacuation.

XLVI.

Pass o'er the project I bore part in,
Which was impossible at starting;

Ah, woeful recollection !
The plan, indeed, was well conceiv'd,
But that it ne'er cou'd be atchiev'd
Was rather an objection.

XLVII.

Wherefore then name *Ticonderogue* ?
Where your damn'd lakes all difembogue ;
Or Bennington why mention ?

Since

Since each fam'd flourish of my pen,
 The noble train, * the gallant men,
 All center in *convention*.

XLVIII.

Yon rapid bird that mounts the skies,
 Severs the medium as it flies;
 Yet gone, no path we find!
 The tow'ring ship that courts the gales,
 Divides the ocean as she sails,
 Yet leaves no track behind.

XLIX.

Thus on each march, the land our own,
 Allegiance pours to *Britain's* throne;
 Behold the *Jersies* won!
 Then to *New-York* the troops retire,
 The conquests all the world admire,
 Which end as they begun.

E.

* Gen-r-l B-r-g--ne's army had one of the most complete trains of artillery ever fitted out.

L.

Full many a post of vict'ry gain'd,
By which no object was attain'd,

Save just to lull the nation;

And, after sev'n successful years,

The strongest feature that appears

Is your *capitulation*.

LI.

Blame not the knight of *Chesapeake*,

Who started distant just a week;

Such was the will of Fate!

In whose black page long since 'twas written,

That ev'ry enterprize of Britain

Shou'd be as much too late.

LII.

Alas, my Lord! what troops were thine!

How would such glorious actions shine

In Freedom's nobler cause!

And still the brave in ev'ry age

Shall view the sad historic page

With sorrowful applause.

LIII.

LIII.

There *Tarleton's* soul, by glory fir'd,
 In ev'ry active toil admir'd,
 Shall spread its glory far;
 With young *Macleod*, by all approv'd,
 In social joys of peace belov'd,
 And signaliz'd in war.

LIV.

Shall I, (the martial crest resign'd)
 Urge no fond vows for human-kind,
 No gen'rous wishes pour!
 To still *Bellona's* direful sounds,
 To heal my country's bleeding wounds,
 And wealth and peace restore!

LV.

Forbid it, Heav'n! the mind subdu'd
 By frowning Fortune's ireful mood,
 Becomes more chafly wife;
 Scar'd by the blast of rude mischance,
 Far hence delusive phantoms dance,
 And ill won glory flies.

LVI.

Let me then breathe an ardent pray'r,
 Which ev'n great *George** will gladly share,
 To hide the fated blade;
 His soul humane midst clanging arms,
 Still views the olive branch's charms;
 Still courts the heav'n-born Maid.

LVII.

What though in martial spoils he reign,
 Victorious on *Virginia*'s plain,
 His country bleeds around;
 His patriot soul would joy to sheathe
 The sword entwin'd with many a wreath,
 With many a laurel crown'd!

LVIII.

Say, godlike man, by virtue warm'd,
 For nature's noblest purpose arm'd,
 What would thy bosom feel?

To

* However palpably this applies to a more distinguished personage, it has been invidiously taken for one George Washington, a rebel commander.

To welcome home *Astrea's* reign,
 And consecrate at Freedom's fane,
 The Heav'n avenging steel!

LIX.

Till then, illustrious chief, proceed!
 Bright honour paints the glorious meed,
 And shades of heroes call;

For while thou stand'st in Virtue's cause,
 The bulwark of thy country's laws,
 Fair Freedom shall not fall.

LX.

Humane, beneficent, and just,
 Long may'st thou guard thy sacred trust,
 To rear an infant state;

Lov'd by the good, the wise, the brave,
 May'st thou be shunn'd by ev'ry knave,
 And much abus'd by B-te.*

LXI.

* Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

LXI.

Recording bards in ev'ry clime
Shall fill the brightest page of time
With thy immortal name ;
While ev'ry action great and good
Shall fire the future hero's blood,
And swell the trump of Fame.

LXII.

Thou, Fr-nkl-n, too, enlighten'd Sage !
The glory of a learned age !
Rich philosophic mind !
In Freedom's cause divinely great,
The father of thy native state,
The friend of all mankind !

LXIII.

Bring forth thy matchless talents, bring
The choicest plume of nature's wing,
Inscribe the magic page ;
Whose potent characters may reign
O'er Reason's wide usurp'd domain,
And quell wild Folly's rage.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Thus may sweet Peace and fair Renown
 Thy gen'rous toils, thy wisdom crown,
 And swell thy virtuous praise;
 Whose setting Sun's refulgent light
 Beams forth more eminently bright
 Than *Cæsar's* noontide rays.

LXV.

For us, my Lord, by error, taught!
 Shall we resign th' experience bought,
 And head *Crusades* again;
 Repress the rising patriot flame,
 Despise a soldier's honest fame
 To forge Oppression's chain.

LXVI.

Sooner shall W-ll-ce rough no more
 Sport a *Pas grave* with *Theodore*,
 And charm each wond'ring Box;

Sooner shall Jews with transport view

A profelyte of kindred hue,

A rabbi in Charles F-x.*

LXVII.

Sooner shall S-r-r-y quit his bowl,

His manly sence, his free-born soul,

To cultivate the Graces;

Sooner shall Sheridan grow dull,

Genius inspire Sir S-mp--n's skull,

Or statesmen quit their places.

LXVIII.

Rather let us repentance seek,

If kindred blood bestain the cheek,

Or conscience loudly rap;

My

* Stolen from the Heroic Epistle to Sir W-ll--m Ch-mb-rs.

My limbs *St. Francis'* garb entwine,
 But let superior guilt like thine,
 Do penance at *La Trappe*.

LXIX.

There, midst the deep resounding cells,
 Mercy with pure contrition dwells;
 These cloisters none are damn'd in:
 For minor faults wear sackloth weeds,
 But count whole *rosaries* of beads,
 For patriots hang'd at *Cambden*.

LXX.

Thence calmly view th' Atlantic shore,
 And bid the world this truth explore;
 (A truth both you and I know)
 If Britain crush her rising state,
 'Twill be a miracle as great
 As any of *St. Bruno*.*

LXXI.

* *La Trappe*, the most rigid monastery in Europe.

† The founder of the *Carthusians*, and patron of *La Trappe*.

LXXI.

Here, then, adieu! What more remains,

But now to close the Muse's strains,

With vows for Britain's throne;

And, whilst on *independence* raving,

Our children's liberties enslaving,

May Heav'n protect our own!

LXX.

Hence calmly view th' Atlantic shore,

And bid the world this truth explore;

(A truth both old and new)

If Britain crush her rising state,

'Twill be a miracle as great

As any of St. Bruno's.

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